7: Marbe U-3 (no date) 1948 EK1 Austria EK1

city. The bronze Guards of Honour who, it was planned, should watch over him in the grave, belong to the many great conceptions which are perhaps most impressive in their unfulfilment.

With Maximilian, whose body actually lies buried in his native town of Wiener Neustadt, the star of Tyrol began to wane. Under Ferdinand I the Province became affected by the religious and social unrest of the Reformation, which was embodied in the person of Michel Gaismair; at the same time, however, the Council of Trent met in the south of the Province.

It was this ruler who divided his provinces into three, and for a hundred years Tyrol had its own regents. The very first one, the Archduke Ferdinand, won the heart of the Tyrolese through his love match with Philippine Welser, of Augsburg, as well as through his encouragement of the arts and sciences, which found lasting expression in the collection of Schloss Ambras, near Innsbruck.

Next it was a princess, Claudia of Medici, whose memory was enshrined in Tyrolese hearts, above all through the courageous rule of her Chancellor, Wilhelm Biener, who lived at Büchsenhausen near Innsbruck and who fell a victim to the executioner's sword in the fortress of Rattenberg. It was at this time that the Porta Claudia was set up at Schernitz as a protection against the Swedes. Tyrol indeed escaped the Thirty Years' War, but

351

borage and rosemary and the coloured glass balls on sticks are the pride of the farmer's wife.

342 352

On entering the house it is easy to find one's way round. The living room and kitchen are on the ground floor, the sleeping quarters on the first story. The living room is panelled. In a darker corner away from the window stands the cosy, tiled stove, and in the window-nook the large table. A small bench runs the length of the walls, spreading out to form a comfortable chimney corner behind the stove. The cupboards are built into the walls and the tall grandfather-clock is built into the panelling. A font of holy-water is always to be found at the right hand side of the door, and a crucifix, decorated with a red and a yellow ear of maize, gives its blessing to the daily bread from the window corner overlooking

353

286 531

Weaving Pattern, XVII Century.

the table. Potted plants fill the tiny window; alone the electric light with its wiring disturbs the picture.

In the kitchen the covered range has almost completely banished the open fire, but the chimney-place is still often vaulted. It is called the "heaven", although covered with oily, shining soot and black as hell. But this heaven does not "hang full of violins", but full of sides of smoked bacon and sausages. In the dairy the wooden cream dishes have given place to the centrifugal separator and metal utensils. But the butter-tub, in which the butter is made by churning or pounding, still remains.

Except on feast days the peasants' diet is sparingly supplied with meat but rich in fat. *Knödel* (dumplings), small cakes, dough-nuts, stewed fruit and *Schmarrn* (a sort of broken-up pancake), thick soup and potatoes make up the simple, healthy fare. All eat from one dish. Grace is said before and after meals. Occasionally there will be butter and bacon to eat with the black bread which the true peasant bakes himself.

Much more could be told of the peasantry of Tyrol, of cowsheds, haylofts and threshing floors, of the ricks of hay and corn, of forestry and hunting, of mountain pastures, cow pastures and hay-fields, of sheep-pens and shearing, of fences, gates and stiles. How many townfolk know that a proper fence, like a peasant house built in the old manner, needs no nails and no scrap of iron? What do they know of the customs at weddings and baptisms?

For the farmer, his "*loden*" cape of coarse, woollen cloth is sufficient even when the weather is coldest. He must be able to move his arms freely, and at work in the open he does not feel the cold. In the house he goes about in shirt-sleeves. When he is abroad he carries an enormous gamp to protect him from the rain.

The farmer's wife wears long dresses almost suggesting a nun's habit, covered on weekdays by a blue working apron. On Sundays she dons her special finery—

217
346
353

Admont Monastery, Library.